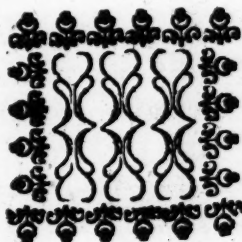


A
CHARACTER
OF A
DIURNAL-MAKER.

By J. C.



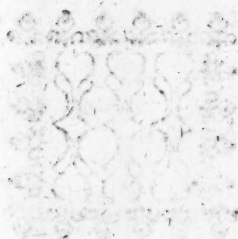
L O N D O N,
Printed in the Yeare, 1 6 5 4.

CHARACTER

OF A

DIURNAL ALMANAC

BY J. C.



FOR 1800

Printed in the Year 1800



THE
C H A R A C T E R
 OF
A DIURNALL-MAKER.

A DIURNALL-MAKER
 is the Sub-almoner of Hi-
 story, Queene *Mabbs*
 Register ; one, whom
 by the same figure, that a
 North-Country Pedler is a Mer-
 chant-man, you may style an Au-
 thor : It is the like over-reach of
 language, when every thinne tinder-
 cloak'd Quack must bee call'd a
 Doctor ;

Doctor; when a Clumsy Cobler
 usurps the attribute of our English
 Peeres, and is vamp'd a Translator,
 list him a Writer and you smother
Geoffry in swabber-slops, the very
 name of *Dabbler* over-sets him, he is
 swallowed up in the praise like Sir
Samuel Luke in a great Saddle, no-
 thing to be scene but the giddy Fea-
 ther in his Crowne. They call him a
Mercury, but he becomes the Epi-
 thet, like the little *Negro* mounted
 on the Elephant, just such another
 blot-rampant. He has not stuffings
 sufficient for the reproach of a Scri-
 bler, but it hangs about him like an
 old-wives skin, when the flesh hath
 forsaken her, lank and loose. Hee
 defames a good title, as well as most
 of our moderne Noble-men, those
 Wennes of greatnesse, the Body po-
 liticks most peccant humours, blistred
 into Lords. Hee hath so raw-bon'd
 a Being

a Being, that however you render him, hee rubbes it out, and makes raggs of the expression. The silly Country-man (who seeing an Ape in a scarlet coat, blest his young worship, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his house) did not slander his Complement with worse application, than hee that names this shred an Historian. To call him an Historian, is to Knight a Man-drake, 'tis to view him through a perspective, and by that grosse Hyperbole to give the reputation of an Engineer, to a maker of Mouse-traps. Such an Historian would hardly pass muster with a Scotch Stationer in a sieve full of Ballads and godly Beuks. He would not serve for the breast-plate of a begging Græcian. The most cramp *Compendium* that the age hath scene since all learning was torne into ends, out-strips him by the head: I have

heard of Puppets that could prattle
 in a Play, but never saw of their writ-
 ings before. There goes a report of
 the *Holland* women, that together
 with their children, they are delive-
 red of a Sooterkin; not unlike to a
 Rat, which some imagine to be the
 Off-spring of the Stoooves: I know
 not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the
 Presse, but it seemes much after that
 fashion, else how could this Vermin
 think to be a Twin to a legitimate
 Writer, when those weekly fragments
 shall passe for History? let the
 poore mans box be entituled the Ex-
 chequer, and the almes-basket a
 Magazine. Not a worrne that gnaws
 on the dull scalpe of voluminous
Hollinshead, but at every meale de-
 voured more Cronicle, than his Tribe
 amounts to. A marginall note of
William Prinne would serve for a
 winding sheet for that mans works,
 like

like thick skinn'd fruits are all rinde,
fit for nothing but the Authors fate,
to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cooke, who serv'd up the
Dwarf in a Pye, (to continue the fro-
lique) might have lapp'd up such an
Historian as this in the bill of fare.
He is the first tincture and rudiment
of a Writer, dip't as yet in the prepa-
rative blew, like an Almanack well-
willer. He is the *Cadet* of a Pam-
phleteere, the *Pedee* of a Romancer.
He is the *Embrio* of a History, flink'd
before maturity. How should hee
record the issues of time, who is him-
selfe an Abortive? I will not say
but he may pass for a Historian in *Ger-
biers* Academy, hee is much of size
of those knot-grasse Professors;
What a pitifull Seminary was there
projected, yet suitable enough to
the present University's, those drye
Nurses, which the providence of the

age has so fully reform'd that they are turn'd Reformados. But that's no matter, the meaner the better: It is a maxime observable in these dayes, that the onely way to win the game, is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the quill; for he hath the grudging of History, and some yawnings, accordingly; Writing is a disease in him, and holds like a quotidian, so 'tis his infirmity that makes him an Author. As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling sicknesse to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer, who filed a chaine so thiane and light that a flea could traile it, (as if he had worked short hand, and taught his tooles to cipher) did but contrive an Embleme for this skip-jack, and his flight productions.

Methinks the *Turk* should lycence Diurnalls; because he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnalls

nalls is a wardrobe of frippery, 'tis a
 just Idea of the Limbo of Infants. I
 saw one once that could write with
 his toes, by the same token I could
 have wish'd he had worne his cotypes
 for socks, 'tis he without doubt from
 whom the Diurnalls derive their pe-
 degree, and they have a birth-right
 accordingly, being shuffled out at the
 beds feet of History. To what infi-
 nite numbers an Historian would mul-
 tiply, should he crumble into Elves
 of this profession? *Legion'd Pimpe*,
 whose flesh bred such a world of Exe-
 cutors, as being made of the row of a
 Herring, of nothing else but compa-
 cted Nits, did not disband his body in
 more variety. To supply this smallnes
 they are fain to join forces, so they are
 not singly, but as the custome is, in a
 croaking Committee; They tug at the
 Pen, like slaves at the Oare, a whole
 bank together, they write in the po-
 sture,

sure that the *Swedes* give fire in, over
 one anothers heads. It is said there is
 more of them go to a suit of Cloaths,
 than to a *Britannicus*; In this Poliga-
 my the Cloaths breed, and cannot de-
 termine whose issue is lawfully begor-
 ten.

And here I think it were not amiss
 to take a particular how he is accou-
 red, and so doe by him, as he in his
Signis for the wall-cy'd Mare, or the
 crop-sleabitten; give you the marks
 of the Beast. I begin with his head,
 which is ever in the Clouts, as if the
 night-cap should make Affidavit, that
 the brain was pregnant. To what pur-
 pose doth the *Pia Mater* lye in so
 dully, in her white formailtyes,
 sure shee hath hard labour; for the
 browes have squeezed for it, as you
 may perceive by his butter'd bon-
 grace, that film of a dimicaster, 'tis so
 thin and unctuous, that the Sun-
 beams

beams mistake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him; so 'tis right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the shine, and flaps in the shade. What ever it be, I wish it were able to call in his cares; there's no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances; those of all Luggs are no more fit for that small Noddle of the circumcision, than brass bosses for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzzling newtrallity is the poore soule that moves betwixt two such ponderous byasses. His collar is wedged with a peece of peeping linnen, by which he meanes a *band*, 'tis the forlorne of his shirt, crawling out of his neck, indeed it were time that his shirt were jogging, for it has serv'd an apprenticeship, and (as prentices use) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect 'tis marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week sets up for it self in the shape of a *Pamphlet*. His *Gloves* are the shavings of

of his hands, for he casts his skin like a cancell'd parchment, the itch represents the broken scales. His Bootes are the Legacyes of two black Jacks, and till he pawn'd the silver that the Jacks were tipp'd with, it was a pretty mode of boor-hose-tops. For the rest of his habit, he is a perfect Seaman, a kinde of Intarpawlin, hee being hang'd about with his course composition, those poledames papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy-Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnall-maker*, as with him that reads on a begg'd Malefactor; my subject smells before I have gone half thorow him: for a parting blow, then, the word *Historian* imports a sage & solemn Author, one that curls his brow with a fullein gravity, like a Bull-neck'd Presbyter, since the

the Army hath got him off his jurisdiction, who Presbyter-like sweeps his breast with a reverend beard, full of native mosse-troopers. Not such a squirting scribe as this that's troubled with the Rickets, and makes pennyworths of History. The Colledge-Treasury, that never had in bank above a *Harry* groat, shut up there in a melancholy solitude, like one that is kept to keepe possession, had as good evidence to shew for his title; as hee for an Historian: so if hee needes will bee a Historian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* accepti- on, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning, an Historian Scot. Now a Scotch-mans tongue runnes high *Fullam's*; there is a Cheat in his Ideome; for the sense ebbs from the bold expression, like the Cittizens *Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but *halfe a pinte*. In summe,
a Diur.

a *Diurnall-maker* is the antemark of
 an Historian, he differs from him as
 a *Drill* from a man or (if you had
 rather have it in the Saints gibberish)
 as a *Hinter* doth from a *Holder*
forth.

FINIS.
